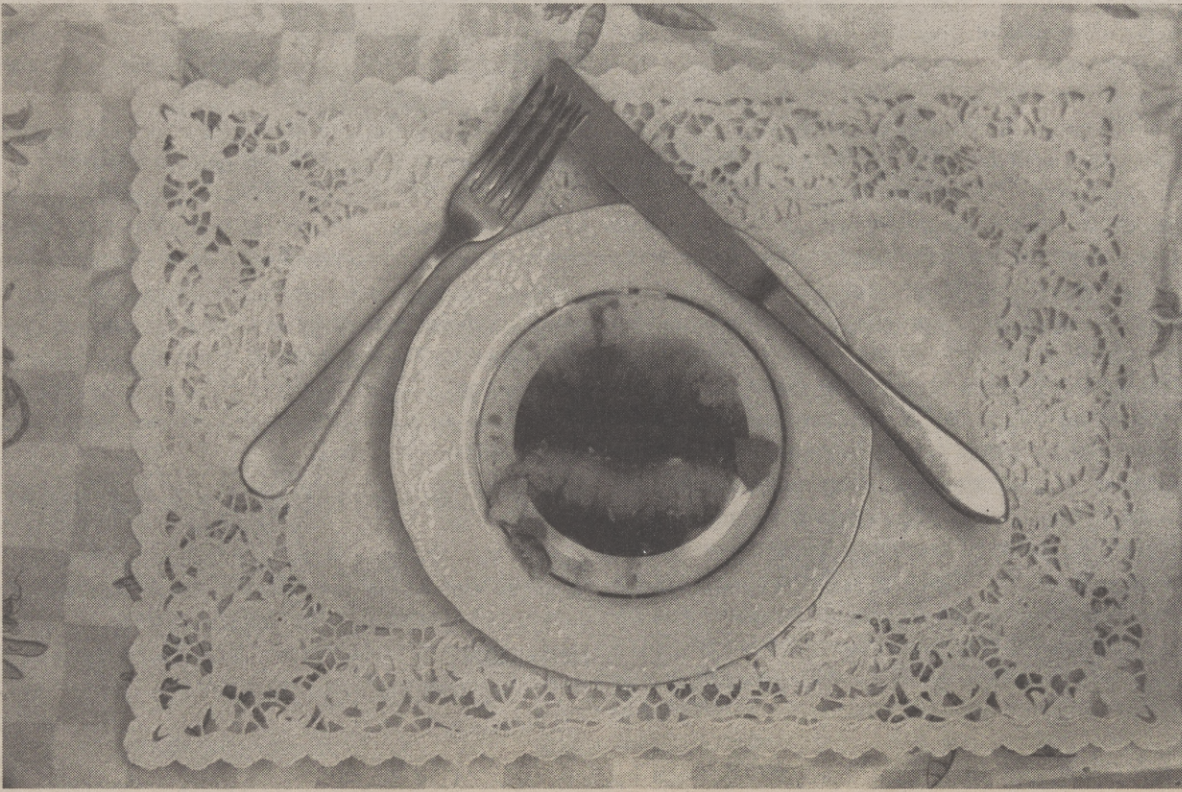


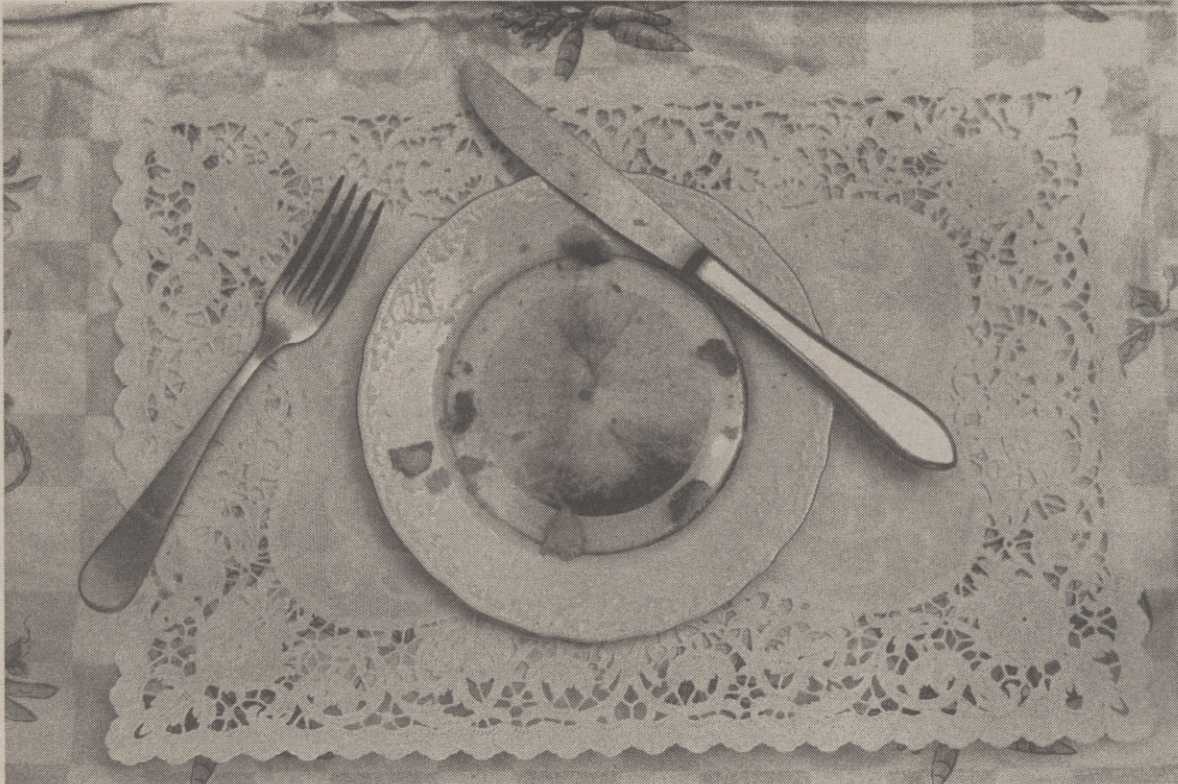
THE Philistine

Volume 2, Spring 1993

Issue 2



I regret to inform you that you have been
replaced by something unforeseen.
It's not you. It's me. I'm from elsewhere,
where the paradox is of virtue and vice.
It's me. It can't be conquered.
I'm always hungry.
By the way do you have anything?
Something edible, but non-committable.
I mean, non-committal, but satiable.
I'm sorry.



Elisabeth R. Miller & Joel Schwartz

Elegy For Ichabod

by Patricia Brown

O Great Muse of multicultural schisms,
Goddess of politically correct (and incorrect)
criticisms...
Please tell me what to say
and how to say it,
for I desire to sing
the snow of San
Francisco pigeons.

Let Ichabod tremble!
Ichabod Feather, I mean, whose brain
resembles poorly cooked pork,
whose family tree
fails to fork,
whose very name
rhymes with "dork",
who, shuffling and sliding along the floor,
oozes white bread from every pore,
who neither sense nor sensitivity could track,
Alas and alack!
The poor redneck
would break a firefly upon a rack,
or so his "art" would seem to indicate.

Now comes the simpering Plaintiff fair,
with laurel garlands in her hair,
to ask discreetly for your ear.
She wants to make just one thing clear:
Money talks!
Shit walks!
And so should Ichabod Feather.

O Great Muse
who would ensnare all mortals in her trap,
Please let us have more pigeons,
less crap,
And no more Ichabod Feathers!

("Ichabod Feather" is a purely fictional character.
Any resemblance to faculty members, past, present
or future, is purely coincidental.)

The Importance of Being Ernest Borgnine

by Alexander Lawrence

January 24, 1917 it begins. He has a bad day at
black rock. Parents of the law out of the labyrinth of the
forest. He dies within the walls of the Poseidon. He dies for
love. He can't live without her. Without Ernest, the body
transforms into a morass of debris, commodities unrelated to
meaning. Here, take it. Grasp it. This is the future, and

transgression cleans all.

Travel to the end, journey to the center of the earth. Ernest is the limit or its sex, the second fiddle to whoever has the war face, the basement of the world. "You may know where dreams come true...." His new movie. And "new" movie means everything. I was the cowboy who marched on the red plains of Tunisia. I am the cop who hijacked a satellite.

New Your City is my prison and I'm its cab driver. He lived in Milan. But no one who drives a cab is from America. An over-achiever. A cowboy of capitalism. Squarish patterns of grimy plaster, pitted opening. The way for true homosexuality next to the fake ones depicted on Channel 11. The noon bell rings repeatedly. And there are boys in the alley sucking each other. They eat and drink, and Ernest is in leather. It's late, after the clubs have closed. No one pays any attention to them.

Beautiful eyes are filled with tears. Ernest lowers his head into that quagmire of sores and latent tendencies. He's on equity wage, he has a family. News has come of this father's death, crucified in the mountains of Albania. He is erect and feels the rise of testosterone on the planet.

The opaque surfaces of Ernest's cheeks. The billboard goes up, a new movie, a way of thinking is arranged. I said a "new" movie! Let's fight this war, and let's get laid. We have our ugly wives, army groupies, and young boys who love to fuck. Short, twisting, aggressively, between two alleys, the sight of the boy's face.

The New Dean Speaks. . .

by Joel Schwartz

It must be in the air. The winds of political change that swept through the country and given us our new White House leader have not left the Art Institute untouched. In January, the same month Bill Clinton was inaugurated, Keith Morrison left his Maryland home and became our new Dean. After years of guidance under the leadership of Fred Martin, SFAI was ready, like most of the rest of the country, for changes. With continuous tuition hikes, overcrowded facilities, equipment in dire need of replacement, a school building without handicap access, and a black hole in the budget, the Art Institute is ready for new ideas and new structures in which to keep the school financially, academically, and ideologically afloat. But don't expect to see much happen overnight.

"The changes that are to occur are changes which I am stimulating, perhaps, but are not necessarily based upon my prescription," Keith Morrison informs us. "I just got here in January. So if things haven't changed in years, don't expect me to suddenly wave a magic wand and have it all change in three to six months, because whatever changes may occur, I cannot do unilaterally. Whatever changes may occur will be done with the help of the students and faculty. That, as painful as it may be in terms of time, is a necessary slowing down because it is important that it not be done dictatorially. Changes should reflect a consensus of the people whom it impacts."

For many of us, though, who see our graduation in the near future, this can be extremely frustrating, making me wonder, "Why bother?" Unfortunately, that is the way of student life, which is often shorter than the timetable for improvements. The Dean is very aware that "whatever changes that may come about will come about after they have left. That is inevitable. That is simply the way life operates."

But for Freshmen, Sophomores, and others with many years ahead of them at the Art Institute, the road doesn't necessarily look so grim. With Morrison's arrival,

so too have come a multitude of committees, all of which have at least one slot for concerned students to speak their mind. The Dean says that, "Each department should have at least one student representative as a voting member on all its academic decisions. The student should have the prerogative to discuss and vote upon hiring, re-appointment, curriculum change, and issues of the budget. We are not talking about window dressing here. These are important decisions. If a department comes to me with an idea that does not involve student decision-making, I am not going to accept it as a legitimate demand."

But for students who find working within the confines of a single department extremely difficult, if not impossible, the way of inter-departmental, multidisciplinary study is not far away. "We have two curriculum committees in place: a graduate and an undergraduate. They are both charged to come up with a recommendation by November to revamp both programs. Both committees are strongly considering interdisciplinary programs." And for those who find the existing programs not quite challenging enough, Morrison states, "We are also talking about making the courses much more rigorous." But as for specifics, the Dean does not have any answers yet, as the committees have yet to get that far. But the tentative timetable is such that the MFA program could possibly be an interdisciplinary one by the Fall of 1994, and the BFA program a year or two behind.

A large aspect of the plans for the future is the nearby Gap building, which will house the MFA studios. The six-million dollar purchase, organized by the Board of Trustees, is almost certain, but the Dean is unsure of exactly when it will come into use. We will occupy the building in August 1994, he states, but he is not sure whether that is when renovation will begin or when it will be used by students. Along with its opening, the school will close the present downtown studios, and every graduate student, not just the painting and sculpture students, will be able to have their own studio space. Unfortunately though, the Dean

states that, "It doesn't mean freeing up a noticeable amount of space in this building [the present main campus]."

With regards to overall finances, Morrison claims that, "It doesn't look so good." His job description doesn't include fund raising or financial management, but about the matter of corporate support he does have this to say: "The thing about going for big money with corporate support is that you have to have something in return to offer. . . . If you don't have a school of Architecture, if you don't have a school of Industrial Design, if you don't have a school of Advertising Design, it's very, very difficult to get big business support."

Although the tangible benefits of new leadership seem far away, Keith Morrison's arrival heralds a new awareness on the part of the administration to the concerns of the students. More informative (but slightly condescending) memorandums have been circulating among the students' mailboxes regarding our financial status and a detailed opinion survey about student life was required for admittance to Fall registration. Through more interactive decision-making and more administrative awareness of student needs, Keith Morrison's presence might actually make a difference for us.

To my Uncle who died the 13, February 1993:

"Toute sa vie, il a cru en lui
Aujourd'hui, c'est sa
delivrance
La finale osmose avec sa
croyance."

F.R.

Editor Francesca Pastine Associate Editors
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Elisabeth Miller, Joel Schwartz

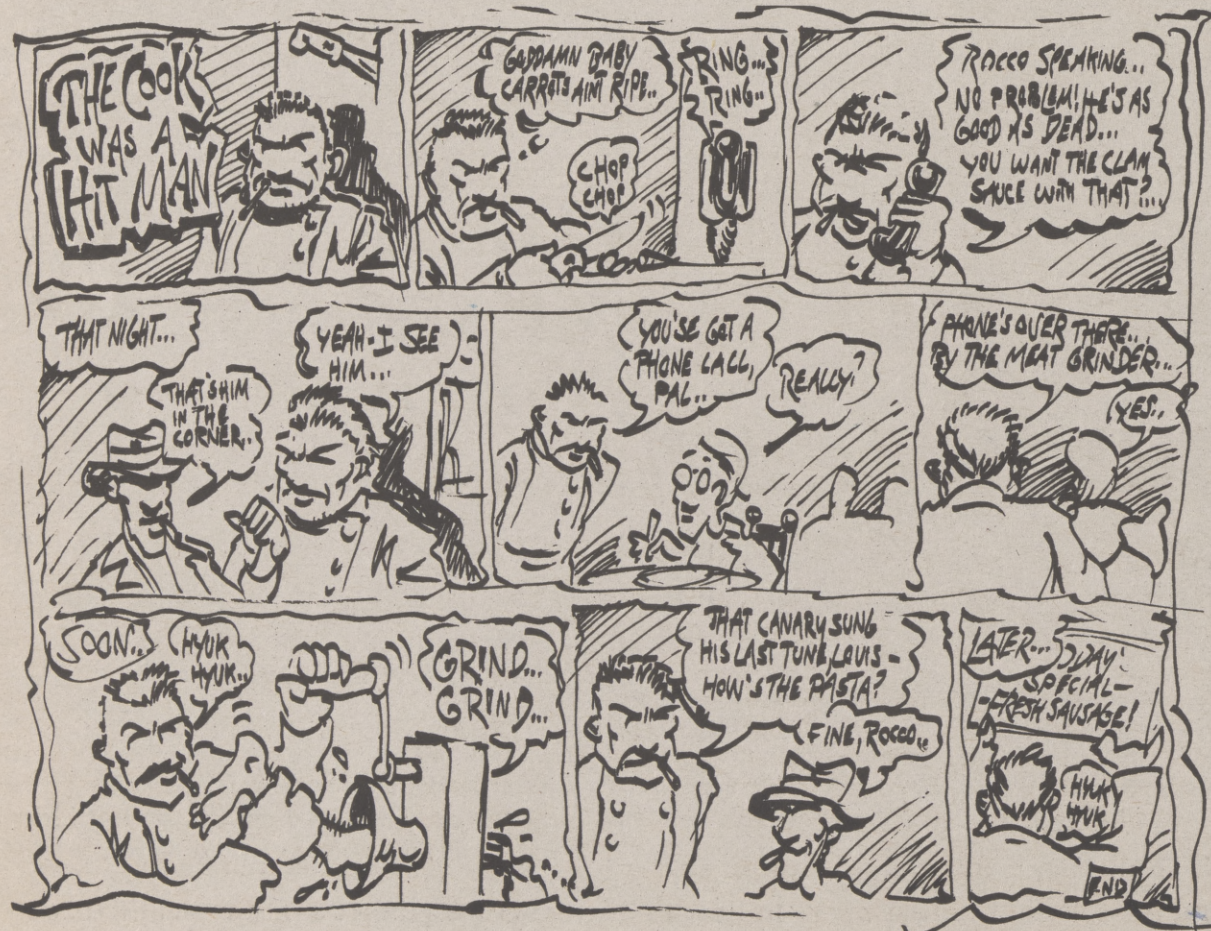
Flight

For it starts with a breath-
(slowly, in, out)
the repetition is set in my mind, also
in my soul.
My eyes close slowly,
my body yearning to travel on the infinite carpet,
to ride the spiral currents in which the wind will direct
me.
Still seated on the solid ground,
my breath increasing more and more.

The pace of my heart- rapid like the wind,
I sense a rush.
For I am on a mountain top, running
as fast as my legs will travel, overlooking the
dry lands of Tibet.
With the raven feather in my hand,
my feet begin to take flight, in synch with
tribal drum beats, Tibetan bells, and chanting of
the oh so many women and men-
dancing around a circle of fire.

Isleeps ever wheres
I can remember a big mansion in my dream
where hound dogs s lept and moon boys
wasting their evenings
untangling intangible stalks
corn rows of my phrendogy
braille surfaces on my forehead
and I can decipher the past
masqueaders and diabetics are colorless
the future is a transparency our images pass through
paradies limes in the fruit of the liar
you can dream in a cage

euforia



by Kristina Pardue

And what of it if I were to say that shell of love are naught but fire of say, ice, that love shall buy a soothing heart capable of saying nothing. Creme, soothe say. Sloth-like shoulder. Now I reduce myself to slathering repeats. I fall gracefully, or rather, with the trembling udder of remorseful gravity. Shoot. Shoot it not, I say. I say again Repeat, I say. Why like this? It is a faulty definition of Thought. Graceless (im)pure. (See, with each one reason's entrance, I give opposite midformation of positive.) (Afterwards I add parentheses.) Oh hell. Draught. How shall I pronounce these thoughts in immortal crimson suffering? Be pea (Pea?) Parentheses. Desperate Action. Action? Fuck I am reduced. Once more Aghast. A lot Alas, (I think). Alas. Furthermore shitface Oh sigh, you have lost. Flood the gates! Repent! Seethe in capultuous sorrow (only because of the alliteration). Scathing repeats. Horror still. See me run blubbering. (Why is it always self-reductive-- Why is it always self-reflexive? Always about the writing thoughts themselves?) Reason leave me. Leave me dry. Alone in the wind's eyes. Leaves. I confess nothing.



Kane Ellen

An Interview (of sorts) with Kane Ellen

by Stephanie Jackson

When I asked Kane about doing this interview, she thought it was a fine idea, except that she'd "rather not sit and answer a long list of dumb questions" a' la' the standard interview format. This was perfectly agreeable to me, since I wasn't too keen on sitting and asking a lot of dumb questions, and I'm terrible at taking notes. So what we decided to do was to go out to dinner and yammer. Hopefully the gist of our conversation will be of some interest to the art community at large, but if not, at least we managed to have a good time.

For those of you who wander about in a fog, or who didn't bother to go into the Diego Rivera Gallery during the month of February, Kane Ellen is a painter and installation artist who likes to make references to Oedipus. Her work (to me, at least) is poetic, enigmatic, complex, and formally daring. She has been taking a certain amount of flak for not

producing work that can be easily "read" by the art-viewing masses. "Ninety-five percent of the people come away with nothing but this great formal experience," she says. "I'm not sure what to do about that." The underlying theme of much of her work is "the forces that promote incest and other crimes: denial, disassociation, and the art of patriarchy," but, as she says, "I'd rather not hit people over the head with it." Also, she'd rather not be known as just another victim. Being pigeonholed takes away a lot of your sense of existing as an autonomous, thinking being, which is what we damned feminists have been saying for years. But I'm getting ahead of myself here.

Over our fettucini, we discussed such taboo topics as "male" and "female" thought processes, and whether there was an actual difference between the two. "Thinking like a man still means proceeding from the left side of your brain in a linear way (where was it I read that? Newsweek?)." We noted that the current trend in the art world (as represented by the Whitney Biennial) is toward hard-hitting, in-your-face-and-spitting types of political work. This seems a fairly aggressive and linear agenda. Kane's work tends to be much more subtle, and to reveal itself over time. What's the word for that? Feminine? We wondered if there's actually any room for quiet complexity in the MTV generation.

Then Kane asked me, "Do you think that trauma is a necessary ingredient for creativity?" Oooo, scary thought. We concluded that we hoped not. Though it helps. What Kane says she wants to create is a space where abuse can be discussed (aside from in the therapist's office), openly and safely. She is politically active at school, "trying to make it safer for voices that are rarely heard." This has everything to do with creating a system of equality that never existed in her house. When she is fighting for more multicultural representation in teaching, she is looking to create a safer space for her own experiences to be told. Since so much traumatic experience can get buried in the murkier sections of the mind, just so that the traumatized can continue to cope, any form of linear, rational thinking may fail to uncover it. What we would like is room and credibility given to intuitive thinking as well as empirical reasoning.

Finally, Kane came up with an even scarier question. "Why don't people think about art?" Specifically, people at SFAI, who are presumably making a career out of "Art". It seems that the level of discussion in most of our classes is pretty empirical. "I think you should make that corner a little darker..." If people are thinking about art, they don't seem to be talking about it much. And that seems to be the goal of Kane's artwork--to make people think. Not to spoonfeed them with a particular philosophy, political or otherwise, or to whack them over the head with her own personal misery. Her vision includes the conversation as part of the message.

Wasteland

by Caskey Baker

When he asked,
I thought that the sun
would never fail to rise.
The blue skies
would never fill with clouds,
and the birds
would never stop singing.
But one day the darkness
would not end.
The skies swirled with blackness,
and the birds returned to the quiet recesses
of dark nests.
The rain pounded on my once beautiful tresses.
The lightning struck my soul,
a hand slapping my pale cheek.
The rolls of god like thunder
penetrated to my shattered heart.
I so longed to see
the glowing beauty of the green hillside.
To walk hand in hand
on the flowing grass,
but the rain washed the grass away,
and I washed away with it,
trying to cling to
the steadfast supportive hand
which was allowing me to slip
minute increments at a time
into a wasteland of broken dreams,
of hearts split, like firewood
on the hearth of a warm, loving home,
of eyes filled with tears of pain.
I fall into the middle of the wasteland.
I stand in misery.
I look around me,
unable to find the hand
that let me slip from the peaceful, painful existence
that I had at one time
been so ignorant as to call happiness, home.



Jeremy Harper

Silk Road #1

by Michael Foley

All the way from Kashgar to Peking
We brought horses, violins and candy
We followed the stars and made our turns
On the bones of empty oxen
Highways blown to dust, the walkways
Of ghosts and dervishes.....
Jesus learned to heal here
Qi Gong hands touch her Chinese soul
And border lines slither away in the tall

grass
Oh my children! Time is so short
To waste one drop is to dry up needless
rivers
The horses were nine feet tall
The Arabs were truly impressed and
We played music, I on my Yang Chin
And they on Rabat and Oud.....
Shadows danced on the heathen fire

Good Friday

Anonymous

Good Friday, I dream that I squat and squeeze a baby on the floor. It has no umbilical cord, a flaw I rationally correct in my waking hours. I try to love it and I don't know how. It gets up and runs a bath, "not too hot" it cautions. I take it into the water and it falls asleep. I am the mother again, caring and cradling. I have to get my shit together. I have to go see my mother. She hasn't noticed I gave birth. I point to my obviously deflated stomach. We go to the baby. She examines and prods the soft spot in its head. It seems dangerous but I assume she knows what she's doing. I ask her distractedly what its gender is, I forgot to look. Mom holds it by the ankles. I think of Oedipus. She's prodding his genitals. They are deformed. His penis separates from his testicles like a wedge carved from an apple. She drops him. I remember to breast feed him, and am upset by my nakedness. I want to get my shit together. My parents want to meet me for dinner. I know they want to talk about the question of fatherhood. Any investment or investigation leads me to him, the father who is my father. I try to figure out how I will break it to them. I'm losing all my shit. I envision how this distorts our family tree.

Hallucinating with half sleep, I consider the reality of the situation. I count in colors and irrational sounds the months since my father last raped me. I recount. I try to rouse myself. I question whether I have had my period since Christmas. I wonder why I had only worried in a medical way at its absence. I think about the ways I have been nauseous and gaining weight in the past month. I can't remember anything. I try to count up to the expectancy date,

in song and on my fingers.

*Our Father
Who art in heaven
Blessed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come
Thy Will be done.*

Even in half sleep I stop in protest.

Holy Saturday, my mother's birthday, a day of anticipation and waiting for the resurrection, waiting because we all know the story. It's not like the beginning when the story was new. I spend the day calling, recalling, recounting these four months between Christmas and Easter, looking for blood. At any indication, starting a rapid incantation. I am not pregnant. I find signs but remain unrelieved. I have a vast history of fear and will not believe my safety until these Easter Week cramps break into blood.

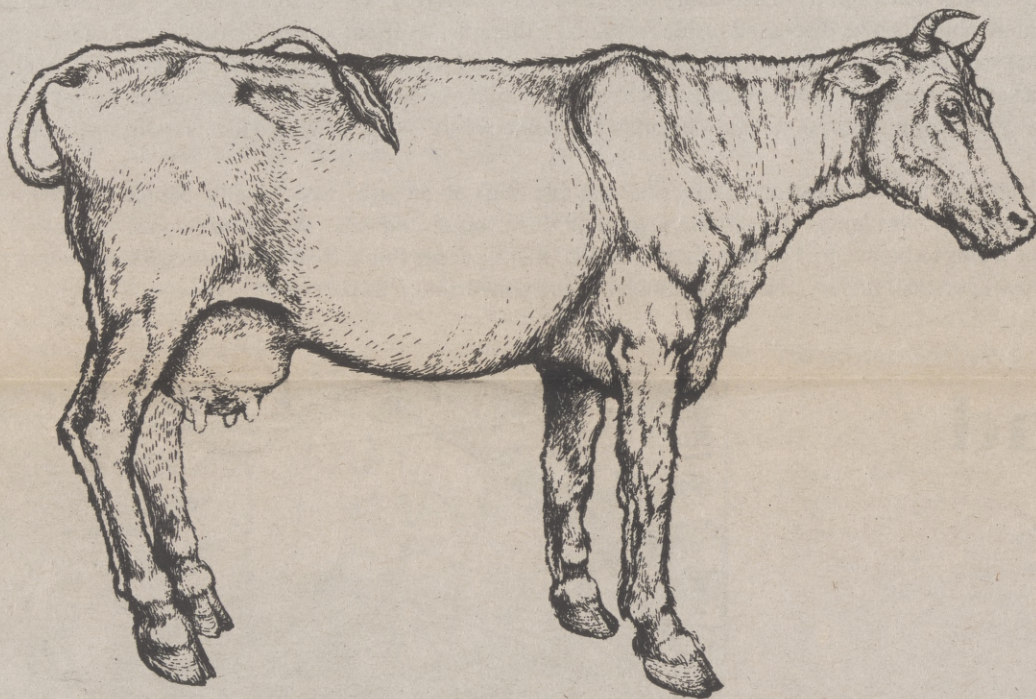
Easter, I remember my Catholic girl fear of Immaculate conception. I've been thinking of Christ's chronic revival, as my fear of children, rising renewed out of my womb. Not just that fear of sudden birth, but the terror

of actual children powerful and small. I bought two carrots and a novena candle of Christ on Tuesday when I thought I might go crazy. Christ is a white beauty surrounded by red wax, by red blood. I think of his wounds not without them thinking of me, and the kitchen knife and the chronic stigmata cold sore in my mouth. Resurrection and terrorism are the dick rising from its flaccid state.

I mourn sympathetically with Mary, and the hostile takeover of her body. I think of the child that would be 3/4 my father and 1/4 my mother.

In some distant scratch of my memory I remembered my dad confessing his culture, recalling a ricotta pie with hard boiled eggs for Easter. I make it this year. It stands in contrast to the overlapping Passover. The bread necessarily rises from inert material. We're eating the flesh and dark red wine. I think of the possibility of abortion and recall a lamb's brain and human uterus in two neighbor jars; they are bleached sinews.

I think about Christ's recent trip, his triumphal walk to the bottom of the red pear-shaped hell. I think about the blood held in those walls and the suffering and wonder about his charity.



PACCAVIT

*by Artizan Start with
Arthur Cravan*

Ohh, poor goddamned fools! "Diego didn't like my paintings because they're shitty and now I want to shove them down everybody's throat." Thank you so very much, rejected artists, for showing me exactly why you were rejected. Maybe if you had submitted paintings that showed depth or even some sort of talent, they would have accepted you, idiots. Now all you can do is whiiiiine. Whine like little fucking babies and punish the rest of us by making us look at these putrid atrocities in the courtyard. Of course you are rejects. Who isn't? That certainly does not validate any of the pieces that you are showing. Oh! Rip out my heart and eat it! Oh! The pain! Oh! Oh! Look at my pain! Great. What the fuck else is new? Hey kids, there's enough pain in one block of Market Street to last me for a while and frankly, I couldn't give a shit about you're interpretation when there's a dead bum outside my window.

"Kiss this for a merit scholarship". Hey, buddy, take a fucking drawing class. Maybe the reason you didn't get your little scholarship is because you can't draw worth a shit. Art, at least the way it's taught at this poor excuse for a school, is about expression. Expressing your emotions. You get a big X in that department, Mr. hello-I'm-a-loser. How about instead of anonymous spray-painting, you do something constructive, like kissing some ass. I would gladly paint my lips on both of Mark Johnson's titanium white buttocks for a couple grand. Hey, it's the nineties! Wake up asshole and stop complaining because that is how it's always been and that's how it always will be.

Whine, whine. That's all I hear at this fucking school, just a whole lot of fucking bitching and moaning and crying and holding your breath until you turn blue. "Change", you blubber! "We need change because I want to be able to exploit all the departments, not just the painting department." What's the matter, not enough stuff to steal in the painting department? Maybe some turpentine. Try being a film major. Just last week I made off with a microphone, an 8mm camera, and a guillotine splicer. It sure does beat a couple of your neighbor's ruined synthetic brushes. As I was saying, instead of telling all your dear friends about how much it sucks here, why don't you go to a couple fucking student senate meetings and tell them. They're the ones who can actually do something. Or better yet, why not just get the fuck out? Go find a better school. I'm sure there are plenty of them. Yessir, I'm sure there's lots of schools that absolutely loooooove whiny flakes that can't paint worth a shit. I'm sure that they'll let you show anything you want to in their galleries; maybe even pay you to do it. And I'm sure you'll be tickled pink about going to school with all the other whiny flakes who don't really give a shit one way or the other about anything. Maybe as many people attend their student senate meetings as they do ours! Is that possible? Let's be real, kids. Is it possible to have less students attend student senate meetings? I hate you all. Eat art and die.